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THESPIAN IN GOTHAM.

LATEST EVENTS IN THE THEATRES OF THE METROPOLIS.

"Dot" at the Park Theatre.

In the whole range of English literature to-day, there is probably no drama of broader, healthier, or more human interest than the little domestic sketch of "Dot," which the deft handiwork of Boucicault has evolved from Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol of the "Cricket on the Hearth." There is something so quaint and sympathetic in the characters therein portrayed, something so pure and wholesome in the atmosphere of the story, and something so natural and lifelike in its treatment, that it appeals directly to the feelings of every one. As a play it has no merits—for it is destitute of plot or incidents, is not novel, is not striking, is not sensational, is not indeed notable in any way. The dramatist has done valiantly his share of the labor in transferring the charming sketch from the book to the stage without impairing its tone or purpose, or rudely disturbing the beautiful aroma of simplicity and mutual confidence which distinguishes the leading characters and permeates their actions through the piece. It has been said of Dickens that from the magic spell of his pen a busy world of characters were created, whose actions possessed interest sufficient to hold the attention of the reader, and truth and merit enough to make him sympathetic with their actions. We can conceive no characterization which allows the display of such commingled fun and sadness as that of Caleb Plummer, the old toy maker, in this piece. The very idea conveyed is the work of a master. An aged, dispirited, worn-out man, laboring on toys, and living only to assuage the griefs and ward off the ills of his poor blind daughter, presents a picture true and touching in its realism and sincerity.

The home of Perrybingle and Dot affords to this a quaint but perfect contrast. Big, burly, loving Perrybingle idolizing his wife Dot, Dot the incarnation of the gleesome, eager, tidy little housewife, and Tilly Slowboy, the innocent cause of endless vexation and amusement, complete a trio of perfectly drawn—because literally true—stage characters. It is not needful for the factions set of notice-writers of the daily press to investigate the source from which these characters were derived, or from what French play the episodes in which they move were taken, for Nature itself offered the theme, and from Nature and for Nature's use the materials were drawn. The play of "Dot" furnishes a stronger argument on behalf of the stage than any score of lectures. It may be proved in most cases

The first performance that the present version of the piece received in this city occurred—it may be interesting now to recall—at the Winter Garden in 1859. The cast was then as follows:

Caleb Plummer.....	Joseph Jefferson
John Perrybingle.....	Harry Pearson
Tilly Slowboy.....	Agnes Robertson
Bertha.....	Mrs. John Wood
Edward Plummer.....	T. B. Johnston
Mrs. Fielding.....	Sara Stevens
May Fielding.....	A. H. Davenport
.....	Mrs. W. R. Blake
.....	Louise Allen

Three years after this it was revived at the same theatre with this cast:

Caleb Plummer.....	Barton Hill
John Perrybingle.....	John E. Owens
Edward Plummer.....	Geo. Jamieson
Tackleton.....	Geo. Minkoff
Tilly Slowboy.....	John S. Clarke
.....	Miss Fanny Browne
.....	Miss Ada Clifton
.....	Chas. Walcott, Jr.
.....	Miss Annie Wilkes
.....	Ada Monk

It was three years after this that Mr. Owens first appeared in the character here. The event occurred at what was then known as the Broadway Theatre. The exact date of the production was March 13, 1865:

Caleb Plummer.....	John E. Owens
John Perrybingle.....	Geo. Jamieson
Ed. Plummer.....	Geo. Minkoff
May Fielding.....	Miss C. Adams
Mrs. Fielding.....	Mrs. T. J. Hind
Tilly Slowboy.....	G. F. Tyrrel

Mr. Owens has played the part here since (though the playbill denies it), but we much doubt if he ever played it so well as he did at the Park on Monday night. It is in truth a personation of alternate smiles and tears, but so truthful, so honest, so manly and so touching that it wins the silent, heartfelt sympathy of complete sympathy. Caleb Plummer is dissimilar to Solon Shingle as any man can well be, and yet Owens is so true to the character that it implies not only a sense of versatility, but the ability of a great artist as well, for the actor who can play with a full and opposite individuality in roles as dissimilar as these, reaches the very perfection of portrayal.

Mr. Owens was suitably supported. Minnie was a pretty Dot, Harry Duff, Ned, and C. W. Condoek a Perrybingle. Sara Stevens, a girl with much sweetness and expression, and Ada Gilman is extremely well as Tilly Slowboy. J. C. Padgett was just enough for Tackleton, and Mrs. Bruton was just enough for Mrs. Fielding. May Fielding is a bad part. Once in a while an actor plays the part of a dashing man of Marie Prescott, and it with Mr. Owens in Brooklyn, and it is really a thankless role. Mr. Owens plays it very neatly at the Park, and he is really a very good actor. The play was well mounted, and the scenery was evoked somewhat of a feeling of satisfaction.

"The Colleen Bawn."

It is rather more than five years since Dion Boucicault played in the "Colleen Bawn," in this city. He played in the piece at the Grand Opera House on Monday night to one of the best houses ever gathered together in that spacious building. Mr. Boucicault's fame as a dramatist has, generally speaking, quite overshadowed his position as an actor. But it cannot be concealed that he is to-day one of the most thoroughly artistic players before the public, and that had he always confined his efforts to acting he would be as famous in that field as he is now in the broader field of dramatic authorship. His Myles-na-Coppaleen is really a truer, better and more natural performance than his Conn in the "Shanghaun." It is fuller of the reality of life, and less remarkable for that minute perfection of mechanical detail which has gone so far to make the "Shanghaun" a purely popular success. The great merits of an actor appearing in roles of "character" strength is to be found usually in the completeness with which he endows the varying phases of the part, the humor and pathos, yet, in a word, Mr. Boucicault's treatment of the serious passages is perfectly exquisite, and his natural sense of fun is almost equally well displayed. The support furnished him was in the main good. Mr. J. A. Wilks, an actor whose power to delineate strong Irish character roles has never yet obtained appropriate recognition, did Dady Mann superbly. Rose Osborne, late of the Standard, played Eily O'Connor with more strength than sweetness, but did well, nevertheless. Miss Ada Dyas, whose capability in strong roles is again being attested, played Anne Clute for the first time—it is said—in this country. She plays it well. The remainder of the cast comprises Mr. J. A. Kennedy, who is a very tame and incapable representation of Hardress Cregan, and Mr. A. C. Daere, as Kyle Daly, is a performance showing ease, culture, and intelligence, and the promise of good things hereafter; Mr. Vincent Hogan as Father Tom, Mr. Ben Maginley as Mr. Corrigan, Mr. Louis Barrett as Bertie O'Moore, Victor Donnelly as Hyland Cregan, Miss Henrietta Irving as Mrs. Cregan, Mrs. Sol Smith as Sheelah, and Miss Cora Seymour as Kathleen Cregan.

The mounting of the piece, though by no means extravagant, is nevertheless adequate, and the original music is given with its old time effect and acceptability.

"Unknown."

Mr. John A. Stevens has introduced to the notice of metropolitan theatre-goers a play of striking force in "Unknown." The piece had already been seen at the Bowery and Broadway, but the circumstances attending the production at the Globe Theatre on Monday evening, promises better for its success than did its production at either of the above houses. The story of the drama—which, though effective, is trite and destitute of originality—is as follows:

A young man sails from Calcutta, in India, for New York, with important papers left by his father at his death. Harold, the young man, hopes to meet a sister whom he has never seen, who is under the charge of an unscrupulous guardian named Dr. Richard Brinkton. When the ship that bears Harold enters New York harbor, Dr. Brinkton and a legal friend, Arnold Tyson, board the vessel to take Harold ashore. Once in the row-boat Tyson demands the family papers; Harold has left them with an old friend, Jack Salt. A quarrel takes place. Harold is shot by Brinkton, then thrown overboard. Jack Salt, who has followed, rescues Harold, whose reason has given way. He is placed in an asylum, from which he escapes; he is found by his sister Bessie, who takes him to her home. Brinkton tries to persuade Bessie to marry him; but failing, gives her poison, which throws her into a stupor; she is pronounced dead and is buried alive. Tyson, hoping that Bessie would marry him, breaks open the vault, knowing that she will recover consciousness. At the moment she is carried off the Unknown, who has been watching her grave, falls upon Tyson, kills him, and returns with Bessie to the house. Jack Salt returns from a sea voyage, gives up the missing papers. Brinkton is compelled to fly. Harold, the "Unknown," is restored to reason by a picture of his mother. Bessie is made happy with her lover.

The acting of the play is good in all essential particulars. Mr. Stevens is a player of the natural school, and endows his role with a good deal of sympathetic interest and considerable well-directed force. He has made the part so much a study that it would be difficult to improve the rendition. Miss Lottie Church, who plays the heroine, is a young actress of pleasing presence and a fair order of talent, and acts satisfactorily. The other roles of importance are intrusted to George F. Ketchum, who plays an exaggerated low-comedy part, W. H. Bailey, who enacts a midshipman, and Harry Colton and Charles Norris, who play roles which may be best defined as respectable and responsible utility. The mounting of the piece is rich and tasteful.

"Unknown" will hold the stage for four weeks.

"Ours," with its fine cast and brass band accompaniment, continues to hold the stage at the Park Theatre, and has drawn really good houses. It is Mr. Wallack's intention to run a "run" of three or four weeks. The support of the piece is very nicely furnished, and the play is well mounted, and the scenery is evoked somewhat of a feeling of satisfaction.

Germon, Mme. Ponisi, and Miss Boucicault to appear to almost equal advantage. A combination of this kind proves always more or less of an attraction, which, in the case of "Ours," is strengthened by the superb setting the play receives, and the military and musical portions of the entertainment. The new play by Steele Mackaye and Bartley Campbell will succeed. "Thro' the Dark" and "Fairfax" will be ready for production by the time that "Ours" is withdrawn.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Standard has proved a "go," and will be given until further notice. Preceding the opera the rather clever comedietta of "My Uncle's Will" is given. It affords Mr. Davidge opportunity to play a congenial role—that of a choleric old uncle—with some skill and abundant exaggeration. Mr. B. T. Ringgold, though he has played the part of the lover before, makes it very weak and colorless, and May Davenport, while looking as usual very pretty, acts in a languid, listless manner, which, coupled with a persistently false emphasis in lines, rather more than offsets her good appearance. There is really nothing in the piece unless admirably well played. As given at the Standard it acts as a very good foil to the opera, and unlike, therefore, most English comedietas, is not without its uses.

Oliver Doud Byron, who in his own sphere is one of the best natural actors in this country, appeared at Niblo's on Monday evening in one of his best known impersonations, to wit: Ben McCullough, the wanderer. Mr. Byron is a favorite at Niblo's, and the success of his previous engagements at this theatre led to his return for a two weeks season. The support furnished by the regular company was, in the main, adequate, the assignment of parts being as follows:

Tom Blake.....	Frank A. Tannehill
Percy Barton.....	J. F. Peters
Uncle Joe.....	W. H. Lytell
Jacob Schultz.....	W. Henderson
Cornelius Mooney.....	F. Tannehill, Jr.
John Kelland.....	J. E. Herne
Maud Kelland.....	Annie Ward Tiffany
Margaret Hunter.....	Mrs. Baker
Gertrude.....	Blanche Mortimer
Christina Straus.....	Lottie Murray
Nellie.....	Rose Keene
Susky Thompson.....	Florence Foster
Birdie.....	Maggie Gonzalez

Next week Byron appears as Hero. Attendance this week has been fair.

Last night witnessed the final performance of "Evangeline" at the Lyceum Theatre. The play has been running to quite satisfactory business, but there was a demand for something newer than "Evangeline," and to-night (Thursday) "H. M. S. Pinafore" will be produced. The Rice Company was specially organized, we believe, to play solely in Mr. Rice's works, and without much regard, presumably, how they might appear in the eyes of different authorship. A very felicitous allotment of roles, however, has been made in casting "H. M. S. Pinafore," and a very adequate performance of the pretty music of Sullivan's score, and a very funny rendition of the lines of Gilbert's libretto, may be awaited. Harry Hunter will play Deadeye, George Fortesque, Little Buttercup, Lizzie Webster, Dick, Venie Clancy, Josephine, "the lass that loved a sailor," Wm. Forrester the Admiral, James Vincent the Captain, and Rose Leighton Hebe. There is no reason why the opera should not prove a "go" at the Lyceum as well as at the Standard.

A version of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" was presented at the Olympic Theatre on Monday evening, with George Chaplin, Dora Goldthwaite, Marion Mordaunt, Cyril Searle, and Edward Coleman in the cast.

The Liguards conclude their engagement on Saturday night. "Les Fourchambault" has been attracting fairly. Next week Geo. Edgar appears as King Lear. It is a performance which will be awaited with considerable interest.

"Baba," which, by reason of its sumptuous mounting, good cast, and pretty music, has been drawing crowds to the Old Bowery, has almost run its allotted three weeks, and will not be played after Saturday. Next week "Nathan Hale," a drama from the pen of S. A. MacKeever of the Evening Telegram, will be produced. It is well spoken of.

"Dr. Clyde."

"Dr. Clyde" will be presented at the Fifth Avenue on Saturday night. Rehearsals are now proceeding twice a day, and everything is promised to be in readiness. L'Arronge is the author of the piece, which has achieved very striking success where played in German. The full cast will be as follows:

Samuel Meeker.....	Charles Fisher
Richard Clyde.....	George A. Chaplin
Lord Hammond.....	Harry Lee
Toboy Simms.....	Owen Fawcett
Higgins, the doctor's man.....	G. Hardenberg
Barnes, a patient.....	Thomas Jefferson
Spriggs, a countryman.....	James Peakes
Jacob.....	W. G. Reymner
Walter.....	W. McArtney
Cochman.....	George Segars
Emily Clyde.....	Ellie Wilton
Lady Hammond.....	Laura Don
Dr. Clyde.....	Minnie Monk
Lady Emond.....	Mrs. Richmond
Margaret.....	Mrs. Mary Hill
Jennie.....	Miss Agnes Elliott
Lady's Maid.....	Miss Whitman
Waiting Maid.....	Miss Agnew

Niblo's Garden will be closed on the week after next for rehearsal of the "Black Crook." The spectacle will be produced in grand style, February 10.

Harley Merry is painting the scenery for "The Black Crook."

MUSIC.

MUSICAL EDITOR. - MR. JULIAN MAGNUS.

Mapleson's Masterly Manoeuvre.

The company was in Chicago, and there was war among the prima-donne.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mapleson sat in his office, looking at the programme for the evening, which was "Le Nozze di Figaro," and antcipatingly counting the chickens which his golden-throated hens—Gerster, Hawk and Roze—were to hatch for him.

It was the first time they had sung together. All was joy and hope.

Suddenly there entered with fear in his eye—the right optic—and a note in his hand—the left—the stage manager. Giving a military salute, he breathlessly exclaimed, "Lieutenant-Colonel!"

"You may drop the Lieutenant, and call me Colonel."

"Colonel, Miss Hawk has written to say she will not sing to-night unless she has the best dressing-room."

"Say she shall have it."

"But Mme. Gerster's things are there from last night."

"You have my order. Attention! Right about face! Quick, march!"

The stage manager marched, and the Colonel resumed his studies.

More suddenly there entered, with fear in his eye—the left this time—and a note in his hand—the right—the stage manager. Giving a military salute, he breathlessly exclaimed, "Lieutenant-Colonel!"

"You may drop the Lieutenant, and call me Colonel."

"Colonel, Mme. Roze has written to say she will not sing to-night unless she has the best dressing-room."

"Say she shall have it."

"But you told me to—"

"You have my order. Attention! Right about face! Quick, march!"

Again the Colonel was alone.

Most suddenly there entered, with fear in his eyes—both—and a note in his hands—both—the stage manager. Giving a military salute, he breathlessly exclaimed, "Lieutenant-Colonel!"

"You may drop the Lieutenant, and call me Colonel."

"Colonel, Mme. Gerster has written to say that, unless she has her old dressing-room, she will not sing to-night."

"Say she shall have it."

"But—"

"You have my order. Attention! Right about face! Quick, march."

Again the Colonel was alone.

Another man would have thought, but the Colonel, being devoted to lyric art, simply smiled.

Then he drew his trusty blade and struck three ringing blows upon its gleaming steel scabbard.

A sentry appeared.

"Let three files be sent to bring here Messieurs Gerster, Hawk and Roze. Attention! Right about face! Quick, march!"

Again the Colonel was alone. He more than mused: he amused himself by thinking over the effects of the plan his genius had conceived.

The first diva captured was Mme. Roze.

"Papa! Que voulez vous? Ah, you no understand! Vat you vant, eh? wiz your pratty daughter?"

"My child, you must be content with the use of the smaller dressing-room."

"Neveaire! Neveaire! I would razezer die. Vair, oh vair is Onree? I vill no sing. Not for nossing in ze vorld. You my papa no more. Vous etes un polisson."

"I'll give you a polishin' off if you don't mind. I never wanted to be your papa, Heaven knows."

"I will go sing concierges. I come no more to save your season ven ze Hawk and ze Gerster are no more good. Bah! Snap my fingure at you. Oh, vair is Onree?"

"Giving his pup an airing, I suppose. When he has finished with that most important duty, perhaps he'll come here. You just sit down and wait for him."

Next came Gerster.

"Mein tear Lieutenant-Colonel."

"You may drop the Lieutenant, and call me plain Colonel."

"Well, plain Colonel, vas ist das I hears. You my room change. Nein! Das ist ausgespielt! You ungrateful man! Und it vas me dot saved you when dot Hawk girl noone to hear would come. Donner und blitzen, vair is Gardini?"

"Spending the quarter you let him have this morning. Give the poor man a chance. Sit down there and wait."

Gerster sat on the opposite side of the room to Roze. Each looked daggers at the other, and if those daggers could have killed, two-thirds of Mapleson's troubles would have been removed.

Hawk was the last to be secured.

"See here, Lieutenant Colonel," she began.

"You may drop the Lieutenant, and call me Colonel."

"Well, cully, then, what are you givin' me? This ain't no square deal. What's your racket, anyhow! Didn't I save you from taration smash, when that precious light—very light—soprano o' your'n had the Gerster fever? An' you had no full blown Roze then, neither. An' now you're goin' back on a feller. Where's my betrothed?"

"Just struck me for five cents to get a beer. Ladies," continued the gallant Colonel, "I understand that each of you demands the best dressing-room."

"Oul!"

"Yaw!"

"You bet!"

"Then, ladies, there is only one way to settle it. Apart from any artistic merits, there is one of you who is clearly entitled to it, and that is—THE OLDEST. Now settle it among yourselves."

"Mon cher papa, zat leave me no chance; mais Hawk and Gerster can arrange vich all it have."

"Herr je! Le Roze iss imputent. She und dot Hawk ten years than me older sind. I not the room want."

"Cheese it, you furriners; either of yer's nearly old enough to be my mother, and the two together'd make a respectable grand-mother. You two can match for the blamed room."

"It seems to me," said the director of H. M. O., "that nobody wants the room."

Dead silence reigned.

"Which lady will, as the oldest, claim the room?"

Deader silence reigned.

"Does not any lady admit she is older than either of the others?"

Deader silence reigned.

"Well, then, will you leave it to me to arrange about the dressing-rooms?"

"Oul!"

"Yaw!"

"You bet!"

The Opera.

Recent performances at Booth's have not been worthy of much notice, with the exception of "Rigoletto," in which Signor Pantaleoni gave, vocally and dramatically, the best performance of the Jester that has been seen here for many years. On Tuesday Mlle. Litta attempted the part of Margherita, in "Faust," but her voice is too colorless and her acting, at present, too weak to enable her to appear to nearly such good advantage as on previous occasions. Mr. Adams, as Faust, was disgracefully bad. He spoilt the "Salve dimora," by transposing it, and his phrasing was as graceful and smooth as the strokes of a pump-handle. Mr. Conly's fine voice showed to advantage in Mephistopheles, but his acting was awkward and purposeless. Miss Cary's Siebel was the only really good point in the performance. Orchestra, chorus, and conductor deserve severe censure.

To-night (Thursday) Mlle. Di Murska joins Mr. Strakosch's company; "Trovatore" will be the opera. Friday night, "Mignon," with Kellogg, Di Murska, and Cary.

Foreign Musical Notes.

Sir Julius Benedict is recovering his eyesight, and is completing his new opera.

Heinrich Proch, composer of the "Variations," died recently in Vienna.

Gounod's "Polyeucte" has been translated into Italian by Signor Zanardini.

Signor Parravano's new opera, "Ginevra di Monreale," has been a failure at the Dal Verme, Milan.

Rubinstein played Tchaikowsky's concertos for piano and orchestra at the first symphony concert at Moscow.

Mme. Albani is said to have had twenty recalls after the fourth act of "Hamlet," in Moscow.

"Blindkuh," a new operetta by Johann Strauss, has been given at the Theatre der Wien, Vienna, with but moderate success.

Miss Anna Megfig, the talented pianist who was so successful with Theodore Thomas two seasons ago, has been engaged at the Monday Popular Concerts in London.

Signor Paggi, a remarkable Italian tenor, aged 74, with an extraordinary voice under the circumstances, is shortly to appear in a concert at Liverpool.

A music publisher bought the copyright of the "Cloches de Corneville" for \$1500. He was offered \$25,000 the following week, and refused. He expects to make \$30,000 by it.

Erminia Borghi-Mamo is said to be a singer of great power, engaged at the Teatro Real de Madrid. Verdi, the composer, has predicted a fine future for her.

Offenbach's "Brigands" has been turned into a great extravaganza, with ballets and spectacle, and played in Paris with these accessories.

Wagner has just completed the score of "Parsifal," and will soon be published. The vocal and piano version will be executed by Herr Carl Klindworth.

A grandniece of Beethoven's is said to be starving in Germany. The musical King of Bavaria has ordered a performance of "Fidelio" for her benefit.

An imperfect presentation has been given of Glinka's "Life for the Czar," owing to the indisposition of some of the solo singers. Hans Von Bulow directed the orchestra.

An impresario has engaged Mme. Patti for a series of concerts in the principal cities of England and Scotland: when, in fact, Mme. Patti will receive \$2,500 a night. This is the highest rate any singer has yet received on the lyric stage.

The Number of Theatres.

[From the Continental Gazette.] There are 1,542 theatres in Europe, divided as follows among the different countries: Italy, 348; France, 337; Spain, 168; England, 150; Austria, 152; Germany, 191; Russia, 147; Belgium, 54; Holland, 23; Switzerland, 20; Sweden, 10; Norway, 8; Portugal, 6; Denmark, 10; Greece, 4; Turkey, 4; Rumania, 9; Servia, 1; Egypt, 3.

Philadelphia Theatricals.

There has been no very notable event in Philadelphia theatricals during the past week, except the benefit of George Goodwin at the Walnut. The present week did not promise very well in the line of novelties, but it has afforded some very enjoyable performances nevertheless.

THE CHESTNUT.

The drama "Within an Inch of His Life" has been played to bad and wholly unremunerative business. There have been no good houses since the first week, and the play may be regarded, in a pecuniary sense at least, as a failure. The fine acting of Charles Stanley, Wm. E. Sheridan, and Lillie Glover has not been sufficiently attractive to change the view of the public that "Within an Inch of His Life" is a turgid, prolix and very uninteresting drama. On Monday of this week T. W. Robertson's military drama of "Ours" was announced for production with the following cast:

Hugh Chalcoete.....Mr. W. E. Sheridan
Lieutenant Angus McAlister.....Mr. Wm. E. Sheridan
Colonel Sir Alexander Shendryn.....Mr. Wm. E. Sheridan
of "Ours".....Mr. George H. Griffiths
The Prince Petrovsky.....Mr. George Holland
Sergeant Jones of "Ours".....Mr. F. B. Wilson
Major Samprey of "Ours".....Mr. F. B. Wilson
Gambler.....Mr. C. M. Wilkins
Blanche Hayman Heiress.....Miss Lillie Glover
Mary Netley.....Miss Alice Mansfield
Lady Shendryn.....Mrs. Clara Stoncall

BROAD STREET THEATRE.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" continues its most successful career at the Broad Street Theatre. The taking character of the music, and the snap, fun and sparkle of the dialogues have told immensely with the theatre-goers of this usually staid city, and some of the airs are now whistled on the streets. The hit of the piece is the performance of the Admiral by George Denham, though Henrietta Vaders' performance of Little Buttercup, and Blanche Ford's Josephine are in a sense equally good. The career of Miss Vaders has been watched with keen interest by theatre-goers, and it is clear from her performances already that besides being a studious and intelligent actress she has a surprising fund of vim and versatility.

THE ARCH.

Haverly's Mastodons opened to an overflowing house on Monday evening. The troupe comprises forty artists. The first part of the programme presents the entire troupe arranged in amphitheatrical style, four rows deep, with scenic surroundings of real parlor beauty. This part is made up of olio and music after the conventional style. The music is exceptionally good, both solo and choral, and the tenors have voices which are very pleasing. The intellectual light talk is new, many of the jokes and puns being fresh and palatable, and marked features are the eight loquacious "end men" in plaid suits—four with bones and four with tambourines. Every song was encored, and all the "funny filling" was heartily appreciated. A feature of the second part was the "mammoth song and dance," in which twelve expert dancers participated; another was the society burlesque entitled, "Immolation; or, Broken Vows;" a third was a dozen clog-dancers acting in concert. Some "logical" remarks by Billy Rice were received with much laughter, while the ventriloquist efforts of Mr. Kennedy, the contributions of the "California Quartet," and the musical funnyisms of Adams were much appreciated. Everything is done on a large scale, and this fact alone would commend the attraction to public favor even were it not true that all the artists are selected stars. The reception accorded the troupe was almost rapturous, and overflowing houses have been in attendance every night. The troupe is unquestionably the finest minstrel organization which has yet appeared in this country.

THE WALNUT.

The venerable spectacular absurdity of the "Catastrophe of the Ganges" was produced on Monday to a well-filled house. The dramatic features of the piece were creditably presented by the stock company of the Walnut Street Theatre, nearly the full strength of the company being called into requisition. The spectacular business, which is the main thing after all in "The Catastrophe of Ganges," was not done so effectively, but everything was planned on a grand scale. George Howard and Lizzie Creese worked very faithfully and kept the audience in a good humor. Their rendition of their medley was loudly encored. Mr. and Mrs. Walcott were as painstaking and satisfactory as usual. The ballet was led by Mlle. Santella, who is very pretty and bids fair to become an accomplished danseuse. The bridal procession, the stud of horses and the burning wood was represented as the capacity of the Walnut stage allows. The catastrophe at the conclusion was given with all its old-time effect. Next week the "Exiles" will be revived with all its excellence of working, cast and scenic accessories. The Walnut is well adapted for spectacular display, and all its productions in that direction have been attended with success.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Max Strakosch will begin on Tuesday evening of next week at the Academy of Music, with a company comprising Kellogg, Cary, Litta, Di Murska, Lazzarini, Westberg, Pantaloni, Cauffman, Gottschalk and Conly. Mlle. Litta will sing Lucia, in "Lucia di Lammermoor." On Wednesday Miss Kellogg will sing Aida, with Miss Cary as Amneris. "Faust" and "Mignon" are the other operas underlined for performance during the week, and it will end with a matinee, the features of which are not stated. The season is short, but the programmes are

very strong in attractions and it ought to be a very enjoyable one.

THE NORTH BROAD.

Katie Putnam is this week playing in "La Cigale." Miss Putnam is a sprightly little actress well endowed for such parts as this. She is fair to behold, chatters like a magpie, sings well, dances gracefully and seems thoroughly imbued with the spirit of fun. Mr. Murray, who plays Magnan, and Mr. Rich, the Carcassonne, supported her very satisfactorily. The audience was quite large. The play was very neatly and handsomely mounted, and should draw well for a week.

A Nuisance and a Danger.

Just at present a certain quietude appears to prevail within those mysterious social regions which are known as "amateur circles." We say "appears" advisedly, for the apparent quietude is pregnant with awful possibilities of action. It is a deceptive calm which bodes horrors to come. We are spared for this Winter; but wait until the Springtime shall be upon us, and then look for the amateur in all his arrogant and objectionable glory. When May is fair upon the earth, and the mind of man ought to be peaceful and happy, and attuned to gentle harmony with all Nature, then will the amateur burst forth and hold high carnival in the Lexington Avenue Opera House and the Academy of Music, making those ill-fated houses like unto the abomination of desolation, and sowing the milk of human kindness in the bosom of society.

Then will Pauline and the modiste murder Bulwer in Fifty-eighth street, and Juliet and the prompter desecrate Shakespeare in Irving place—then will the young lady who has been "taking lessons" in Elocution and Dramatic Art make her debut, and her little collection of notices, and go her stellar way rejoicing, in the face of inevitable failure. We predict for the Spring season of '79 an unusually large and worthless amateur crop, and we advise precautionary measures on the part of managers and theatre-goers.

It is probably pretty well understood by this time that the amateur may be fairly summed up in the terse and trenchant abbreviation of metropolitan slang, as "N. G." But this fact ought to be made still more clear to the public appreciation. Those two direfully condemnatory letters ought to be burnt upon his brow as the brand of Cain, and he himself, to use again the picturesque phraseology of the streets, "bounced" into Coventry to all eternity.

Of course, we all know that every one of the claims to public respect and support which amateur actors have put forward in their own behalf, is utterly unworthy of consideration. We know that they do not supply the stage with desirable performers; that but a few of the uncounted amateurs who have taken up acting as a profession have ever achieved any real success; and that, even in these rare cases, the hit was generally made under exceptionally favorable circumstances, and by means of assistance of which regular professionals scarcely care to avail themselves. And even then, these few successful debutantes have turned out merely mediocre players; fair specialists occasionally; but, as a rule, nothing above the artistic level of "stock" people. Of course, most of them star or lead combinations; but they are not competent to occupy such leading positions. Even where they have genuine talent, there is sure to be an ineradicable taint of amateurishness about their acting—something which is very much like the smell of garlic in its clinging vitality, and in its effect on the senses of those who are brought in contact with it.

The "amateur benefit" business is also a quite thoroughly exploded fraud; altogether too extinct a Satan to be worth fighting nowadays. There may have been a time when people believed that the amateur benefit was beneficial to anything or anybody, but if there was, that time is dead—decidedly dead. In fact, the amateur benefit is dying out for the want of objects. Most charitable institutions, even in their time of direct need, would probably buy off amateur societies on benefits intent, rather than permit them to perform.

It is all a vanity and a vexation of spirit, this whole "amateur" business, a folly born of the listless idleness of an extravagant society. A set of people who have no intellectual resources, no sensible system of recreation, no really worthy end or aim in life, outside of the daily necessities of existence—such a set gathers together to form the "amateur association." These triflers play at a profession, debate an art, as far as they can, and, to a certain extent, act as a positive annoyance and injury to honest toilers, who strive to make a living out of the craft which no man has a right to turn into an unproductive pastime.

All this is bad—bad enough to constitute a very serious indictment of this whole frivolous class. But it is not the whole, nor even the worst part of the business. There is a disgraceful aspect of the amateur question, which has hitherto been handled altogether too gingerly.

It may seem strange, even shocking, to say it; but the influences that surround these "societies" and "associations" are wholly harmful and unhealthy. The mother who lets her daughter enter an amateur dramatic club in the city of New York, exposes her to an atmosphere infinitely more dangerous than that of the most depraved and licentious stage it is possible to conceive of—an atmosphere whose deleterious elements are more potent for evil than their nature is unknown—their existence, even, unguessed at

Look at the natural constituency of these gatherings, and the associations which environ a young girl who enters one of them. Their membership must necessarily be made up of persons possessing, or supposed to possess, dramatic talents or tastes. This affords an opportunity to certain individuals gifted with these qualities to enter circles to which nothing else could give them a passport. A young woman of good social position will meet in a society of amateur players men and women with whom she otherwise never would or should come in contact. They are perhaps clever and able in their way; but that is no guarantee of their personal character. She meets them on a false footing, and the equivocal nature of the connection serves only to add to its charm. And even among those of her own rank and class, there are plenty of would-be Don Juans, who, lacking the ability to play their chosen roles in general society, are glad to avail themselves of a chance which brings the aid of an artificial excitement, and the favoring conditions of an intimate proximity, to further their purposes.

Every amateur performance in public means—or may be made to mean—a dozen or two dozen private rehearsals. That is to say, so many meetings behind closed doors, of ten or twenty foolish, careless young people, intoxicated with the excitement of a strange and fascinating employment, and one whose vaguely comprehended laws and rules are a constant temptation to unconventional license. Worse still it is, when, instead of a large number, two or three come together to play at rehearsing some special scene or passage—when, it may be, an innocent young girl passes hours practically alone in the society of a man who would not be received in her parents' house.

And yet to such dangers are exposed girls in their teens, fresh from boarding-school, and young wives, scarcely yet awake to the serious duties and responsibilities of their life. A pretty and profitable diversion, truly!

Has any one ever noticed how many divorced women, and girls separated from their families, have gone on the stage direct from the amateur ranks? Also their conduct after they are on the stage?

It would be easy to reconstruct, from given data and inferences, the history of these debutantes. The American husband is not dramatic and elocutionary, after the French methods; but he is a man with a very natural aversion to divided wifely affections and second-hand fidelity, and it is very probable that, when he finds his wife has yielded, before or after marriage, to the temptations inseparable from indulgence in an idle and injurious form of amusement, he expresses himself to this effect:

"You have deceived me, and proved that you are not capable of taking care of yourself. I will have nothing more to do with you. I do not wish to disgrace you publicly. You may put forward any reason you please for our separation; but I will not have you in my house or near my children, and hereafter I will not recognize you as my wife."

So she looks for help to the institution that was her ruin; and, in a few weeks, we learn that Mrs. Blank has gone on the stage—so much against the wishes of her husband that the hitherto happy pair have parted permanently.

The husband is well satisfied with this arrangement, which leaves him free while it conceals his dishonor. And society is satisfied, because all the subsequent slips which this erring sister is sure to make will be set down to the contamination of the outcast professional stage, and not to that of the amateur nursed on the bosom of propriety.

"The Rivals" in St. Louis.

There has been strong rivalry between DeBar's Opera House and the Olympic Theatre in St. Louis, which has been further intensified by the engagements at these theatres of Mary Anderson and Fanny Davenport. The appearance of these two ladies occurring at the same time, rendered competition necessary, and so far as pecuniary results are concerned, DeBar's is ahead, having taken in more money in one week with Mary Anderson than the Olympic did in two weeks with Fanny Davenport. How far the rivalry was carried may be deduced from the fact that each lady changed the bill almost nightly, to the intense disgust of the working members of the two companies, and the unconcealed delight of the army of complimentary "patrons" who infest the first night's performances at St. Louis theatres. Miss Anderson seems to have come out fairly the winner, as Miss Davenport had in Chas. Spaulding a manager of acknowledged skill and ample resources. Rival engagements like these may draw to the play-house a large number of extra theatre-goers, but they accomplish no real good. We presume that a person patronizing the Olympic, where Miss Davenport has been playing, would bear away no very lasting sense of satisfaction at having seen "London Assurance" or "School for Scandal" if he had been drawn there solely by a desire to testify his admiration for Miss D. And surely no one could enjoy "Evadne" better if drawn to see it as a duty, or in the gratification of a bit of variety or nonsense, or both. The idea of Miss Anderson's manager was to give practical test of her drawing capacity as a star. That has been done. There is no good reason why the test should be repeated.

Mr. Edward Biron has received \$300 from Messrs. Shook & Palmer, to stop further action in their suit now pending as to the right of Mr. Biron to play "The Celebrated

THE VARIETY THEATRES.

TONY PASTOR'S.

The bill at Tony Pastor's this week includes the following: Sanford and Wilson, the famous musicians and comedians; Jeppe and Fanny Delano, the refined Californian sketch performers; the celebrated Japanese necromancer, Awata Katnoskin, and the prince of protean performers, Mr. John Morris, remain for yet another week. Tony will have new topical songs for the week, and among others of the new people will be the Swains, Morris and Field, Healey and Ward, the Courtlandt Sisters, and Mlle. Adelina. Altogether the programme is a very good one, and should attract largely. Mr. Pastor has reduced the price of admission to the gallery at matinee performances to fifteen cents. The attraction of new faces and new acts is potent this week.

Tony Pastor presents next week what will prove, we think, a really notable combination of attractions. It is probably, in most respects, the best bill yet offered at this theatre. The complete list of people is as follows:

Tony Pastor, Gus Williams, Deleahanty & Hengler, Kelly and Ryan, Sheehan & Jones, J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan, Edwin French, William Henry Rice, The Irwin Sisters, Charles Worley, Jennie Satterlee, Frank Girard.

THE COMIQUE.

"The Mulligan Guard Ball" has proved an emphatic hit at the Comique, and will be continued until further notice. Edward Harrigan plays Dan Mulligan in his inimitable fashion, and Tony Hart Tommy, his son, and it would be difficult to determine which invested his part with the most humor. During the play Mr. Harrigan introduces two new and catching local songs by Dave Braham, entitled "The Babes of Our Block," and "The Hallway Door," and John Wild and Billy Gray did "The Skidmore Fancy Ball," by the same talented composer. In the acting cast are Annie Yeamans, Annie Mack, Nellie Jones, Lizzie Edwards, Nellie Boyd and Tillie Nichols, and Johnny Wild, Billy Gray, Harry Fisher, and Messrs. Bradley, Fitzsimmons, Heusel, Burt, Mealey, Frank Nelson and others. The drama is preceded nightly by a fine olio performance, in which a score of good variety performers take part. The drama will be repeated this week and a new olio given.

THE LONDON.

Manager Donaldson has made some fortunate engagements this week. Among the attractions presented are: Sarony, Waters and Kelly, in their unique performances, return of the favorite Irish comedians, Murphy and Mack, in their new act "A Glass of Beer;" first appearance of Sam Lang; first appearance of Dollie Sharp; first appearance of the great musical team, Morris and Green, in an original specialty; first appearance of the serio-comic and Dutch character artist, Jennie Watson; engagement of John Tudor, in his original specialty, "Our Boys;" engagement and first appearance of Miss Lillie Ellis, serio-comique; Miss Fanny Prestige, the favorite soubrette; Harry Clifford, the versatile comedian; J. O. Hall, the talented actor. Performance includes every evening with the drama of "The Miner's Revenge," produced with new scenery and properties. The music at this house is always a pleasing feature of the entertainment, and will remain so as long as J. B. Donniker wields the baton.

THE VOLKS GARDEN.

The programme this week includes Miss Millie Francis, tight-rope dancer; the Davises (Frank and Fannie), Irish Sketch artists; Julia Walcott, serio-comic vocalist; the Hogan Brothers, song and dance artists; the Shedman Brothers, gymnasts; Verona Carroll, ballad vocalist; Johnny Carroll, Ethiopian comedian and sketch artist; Miss Annie Braddon, serio-comic; Lulu Francis, a sensational vocalist; C. C. Mathews and T. F. Gonzales, gymnast; Sam Norman in sketches, and Ben Dodge in his extempore songs made up on any subject.

The burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" is now in its second week.

HARRY MINER'S.

The programme presented this week includes Pat Rooney, Jennie Morgan, Crossly & Elder, the athletes; Murray, Ashton and Geyer, McCullough & Casey, Miss Emily Sylvester, Charles J. Williams, Miles Brothers and Wiley Hamilton, Miss Dora Graham, Louise Robie and Wash Favor, etc. The popular comedian, A. H. Sheldon, appears in the principal comic character in his local drama of "New York As It Is."

Jennie Morgan is singing at Harry Miner's this week.

Andy Leavitt has joined Haverly's minstrel troupe.

May Vernon reappears at Tony Pastor's, February 10.

Callender's Georgia Minstrels appear at the London next week.

Turner and Maas have joined Haverly's minstrel organization.

Tony Pastor returns from Boston Sunday night. He has been playing this week at the Howard Atheneum.

Edwin French, the banjoist, has been engaged to go with Tony Pastor's travelling troupe this summer.

Fred Waldman of the Adelphi Theatre, Newark, produces this week the novelty sensation the "Three Vagabonds." Miss Elia Carfano plays the leading role.

The Moore-Leonard, Weeks benefit, which occurs at Harry Miner's on February 27, promises to be a great affair. All three gentlemen are popular and deserving, and we doubt not will receive a crowded house.

The new people at the Volks Garden next week will be the Big Four, Mabel Gray, Fioretti, the Burgess, Dick Stewart, Joe Buckley, Wing, Field and Gregory, Julian Walcott, Harry Sheldon and Annie Braddon.

Harry Miner, feeling very much annoyed at the reports that he was connected with Robbins' Windsor Theatre in the Bowery, has published the following: "The public is hereby notified that Mr. Harry Miner is not connected with any theatre but his own on the east side of town. Mr. Miner deems this notice necessary, as reports to the contrary are in circulation."

"ROXY."

Charles Gayler's New Play Produced in Richmond last week.

Gayler's "Roxy" received its initial representation in Richmond on the 16th, with the following cast:

Paul Renwick, Frank E. Aiken
John Bristowe, James C. Dunn
Col. Mason, Harry Clifford
Jeff, Archie Boyd
Sergeant Keeler, G. W. Devo
Roxy Morgan, Genevieve Rogers
Cousin Roxy, Florence Noble
Mrs. Rathbone, Gracie Hall
Alice, Annie Mortimer
Dinah, Annie Mortimer

The plot of the piece is as follows: The play opens with a scene of the Bloomingdale Orphan Asylum and its inmates. Roxy is Mrs. Rathbone's niece. Her mother ran off to get married to a Mr. Morgan against the wishes of her parents. Roxy's mother had been deserted by her husband, and had died from a broken heart. The husband, a gambler and rone, after his wife's death left for parts unknown, leaving Roxy to the cold charities of the world. Mrs. Rathbone demands the custody of Roxy for the purpose of adopting her, and the scene ends with the parting of Roxy from her associates, to each of whom she presents a gift. Mrs. Rathbone and Roxy leave for Virginia. After an interval of five years, the action of the drama is resumed. Paul Renwick, Roxy's lover, enters, having deserted from the army. He is concealed by Roxy, and then Sergeant Keeler enters, in search of Renwick, and failing to find him, resorts to a little strategy in order to draw out Renwick, whom he suspects of being in the house. He assails Roxy, when Renwick, in response to her outcries, makes his appearance, and thus exposes himself to arrest. In the second act the characters are all present at a picnic. Mrs. Rathbone, suspecting that something wrong is going on between Col. Mason and Alice Bristowe's wife, confides her suspicions to Roxy, who watches and overhears an engagement made for Alice to visit the colonel's headquarters. All leave save Jeff and Dinah, who attempt a song and dance. The third act opens in Col. Mason's quarters. Roxy, who enters disguised as a foreign lady, is mistaken for Alice by the colonel. Roxy then makes herself known, and appeals to his better nature not to ruin Alice and destroy the reputation of the family. The colonel conceals Roxy so that she can witness the interview. Alice is received coldly by the colonel, and the voice of Bristowe, Alice's husband, is heard, which renders it necessary to conceal Alice also. Bristowe enters, sees Alice's shawl, and jokes the colonel at having some fair one concealed, when, noticing his wife's name upon the shawl, he becomes enraged. Renwick then enters, and, as matters are approaching a climax between Bristowe and the colonel, Roxy appears and claims the shawl, thus saving Alice's reputation at the risk of her own, and is repudiated on the spot by Bristowe and her lover, Paul. In the fourth act Roxy is exposed by Bristowe to her aunt, who drives Roxy from her house and home. Roxy still remains silent, and, as she is about to leave, a letter arrives from Colonel Mason, thanking Roxy for what she did the previous night, and stating he has left the State. Roxy refuses Renwick's demand to see the letter, which convinces him that she is guilty. The parting of Roxy with her lover and the family was quite affecting. Alice eventually tells Mrs. Rathbone the whole truth, and Roxy is proven guiltless. The secret is also made known to Renwick, but Bristowe is kept in blissful ignorance of his wife's almost palpable unfaithfulness.

The play was but fairly received, and Miss Rogers is not to be credited with a success.

Haverly in Philadelphia.

(From the Phila. Times.)

When the curtain rose at the Arch Street Theatre last night the house was packed from pit to dome, and so was the stage. Neither Modjeska, nor Clara Morris, nor Fanny Davenport, nor any other star that has flashed across the sky this season has drawn such a multitude of people as came to see Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. A mammoth combination it is, sure enough. During the first part of the programme forty performers were ranged upon the stage, tier upon tier, including eight end men—four of a kind—eighteen vocalists and numerous instrumentalists, as they are called on the bills. The whole performance was arranged on the same scale of overpowering numbers. Twelve men danced the clog; twelve joined in the song-and-dance acts; and so on to the end. The entertainment provided was of good quality and in no sense amenable to the charge of impropriety or vulgarity, and the immense audience was vociferous in manifestations of delight.

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Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Ours.
BOWERY THEATRE—Baba.
LYCEUM THEATRE—H. M. S. Pinafore.
STANDARD THEATRE—H. M. S. Pinafore.
BROADWAY THEATRE—Les Fourchambault.
PARK THEATRE—John E. Owens in Dot.
BOOTH'S THEATRE—Italian Opera.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Dr. Clyde.
NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE—Oliver Dond
Byron.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Colleen Bawn.
OLYMPIC THEATRE—Never too Late to Mend.
THOMAS' OPERA HOUSE—Minstrels.
GLOBE THEATRE—Unknown.
TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE—Variety.
HARRY MINER'S THEATRE—Variety.
THEATRE COMIQUE—Variety.
LONDON THEATRE—Variety.
VOLKS GARDEN—Variety.

An Evil Grown.

Elsewhere in this week's MIRROR will be found an announcement calculated, we believe, to inspire a feeling of very general and very sincere regret. It is no less than a recital of circumstances in connection with a dramatic newspaper in this city, which, if true, show a condition of affairs which will bring the blush to the cheek of every reputable newspaper man in the community.

How far some members of the dramatic profession are accessory to this wrong, we do not undertake to inquire. But it is, at all events, an evil which must be inquired into, ventilated, and, most of all, summarily stopped. We confess that we have no sympathy whatever for those weak-kneed, cowardly persons who yield to the demands of professional blackmailers, and under the guise and pretense of "protecting" themselves, foster an influence which, but for them, would be altogether harmless to others.

The expose of the methods which we show, is so discreditable to journalism that we felt at first some reluctance to making it public, for such an expose is baneful not alone to one journal, but to all papers occupying the field it disgraces. There are occasions, however, when an abuse becomes so flagrant that silence about it makes the party an accomplice in the evil. If the charges so loudly and so continually brought against the journal in question are true, it behooves every decent newspaper to repudiate the wrong and suitably arraign the wrong-doer. If the charges are not true, we believe—as a measure of fair play—that an opportunity should be given to hear both sides.

There seems to be something almost retributive in the way managers and professionals are replying to the wanton and systematic assaults which this paper has so long made upon them. And unless we much mistake the temper of the times, the very weapons the paper has used against others will be turned with redoubled force against itself. That THE MIRROR should be instrumental in bringing about this state of affairs may be very galling to the Convict's Organ, but if it can stand it we guess we can, and also be enabled, furthermore, not only to abate the wrong, but—and this is far more important—to fill the void its failure has made—i. e., placing before the profession a dramatic newspaper prospering legitimately on the fruits of its own right-doing and sincerity, not trafficking on the hopes and fears or subsisting on the involuntary tribute extorted by blackmail and blackmail.

Miss Dickinson on the Theatre.

The perfect sincerity of ANNA DICKINSON makes all her public utterances of considerable value. What she said at Chickering Hall, the other night, concerning the Stage, has attracted attention as coming from Miss DICKINSON, but that it has accomplished any other purpose we much doubt. The whole system of discussions on the abstract merit or demerit of the Stage is altogether futile. The Drama is not to be improved, or indeed influenced, by anything that Miss DICKINSON can say about it. In fact, as has been said, she proved too much—leaving the consideration of the whole subject in rather more unsatisfactory shape than before she had spoken. The attitude taken by Miss Dickinson concerning the alleged antagonism between the Stage and pulpit is the only one usually taken by public speakers on this subject, but it is, nevertheless, the wrong one. There is, and should be, no antagonism between those who aim to instruct and those who strive to amuse it. The former seeks to afford a gratification. The hostility between them is fostered, not by real friends of the Stage, but by its very potent enemies. It is pressing an issue which can do the Stage no good and may do it almost irremedial harm. If a Talmage, braying about a certain class of wrongs, touches for an instant on any abuse which prevails on the Stage, exemplars are at once found to retort. The worst they can say for TALMAGE is that he is unworthy of his calling.

The truth and novelty of this assertion is sensibly lessened by the apt reply of TALMAGE, that in responding to him they are equally recant. The line which bigotry and prejudice has drawn between Church and Theatre has worked, it will be confessed, evil equally to both. The wrong did not originate with the theatre. The prejudice can never die so long as professed friends of the Stage aim to carry on a senseless controversy between two agencies which have really nothing in common, and if left apart, aspire to do each other no particular harm.

The Stage has votaries enough to dispense altogether with unwilling friends and admirers. Miss DICKINSON, like many of those who seek to inspire a feeling of antagonism, does not seem to understand that if it is fair and politic for the friends of the Stage to exact of the professors of a certain form of belief, admiration for the Drama and its exponents, they concede to them equal right to demand from the Stage tribute to that form of belief, and as it is seldom forthcoming, a wholly senseless and palpably unjust condition of affairs is established.

The Stage seeks only to perform its allotted mission without interference or molestation. When it transgresses the line of propriety it comes in contact with its only record and purpose—not with any other agencies performing a work in a sphere altogether different. There is no real antagonism, for there is need of none. There is no union of effort, for the two agencies are the tending different ways. The best service Stage can render the Pulpit is not to allow the two to be placed in antagonism. Miss DICKINSON may be very sincere in her attempt to show the inferiority of the Pulpit as a public guide and public teacher, but in so doing she raises an issue which the Stage can well afford to have left alone, and gives the cue for the retort that if the Stage attended always to its own concerns, it would not foster the antagonism against which its members so bitterly complain.

A Convict's True Place.

It is an open question whether a self-confessed and commonly acknowledged convict is in any sense an acquisition to the working staff of a newspaper. We know that a sort of tradition inclines to designate the jail as his safest and securest habitation, but we have seen in the experience of the past few years, that this tradition was quite wrong, and that really, on some papers, a convict is very fit and suitable. There are cases, as every reader can understand, when a knowledge of the slums is very necessary. Papers appealing to the lower strata of society would lack completeness if bereft of the practical experience of a few members of the staff with whom the Law had dealt directly. As in a play—like "A Celebrated Case," for instance, largely devoted to the affairs of galley slaves and prison convicts—the services of an ex-prisoner are by no means valueless. Much of the effect of that popular drama was due, doubtless, to the skill and practical experience of the adapter, who showed as much knowledge of prison matters as might be looked for in a life-convict. Besides this, many newspapers print and publish matters with which no one but a convict would have anything to do. In this way a convict serves his purpose and brings with his connection a vast fund of practical, timely knowledge, of use to his co-workers on the same paper, many of whom it so happens are convicts in desert only.

On the other hand, however, convicts as leaders of public opinion, are often detrimental to a journal. There are many questions in the discussion of which the prison record of a bad man is no assistance. Men who have spent portions of their lives in jail often become embittered against their fellows and against society in general, and say things which make enemies. Besides, the enforced seclusion they have undergone withdraws them from that active participation in current matters so necessary in the life of a journalist. A writer called upon, say at short notice, to write upon Notre Dame, may respond: "I have no recollection of the piece; it was produced while I was in jail; we have no access to the papers." Now a non-convict is in no wise hampered by such experience, hence in this respect his superior availability.

Another weakness of the convict critic is too great dependence on his own experience. For instance, no stage dresses have to be remarked about, for the non-convict alludes to them from the everyday standard, but the convict will judge them from the opportunities they present to be purloined and secreted. General readers seek for no such knowledge,

and the convict's comments go, therefore, for naught.

In other places, too, he is at a disadvantage. On subjects, for instance, as the equitable rights of authors and managers, the morality of the stage, the demands of fair play, the redressing of social abuses, etc., the utterances of a convict command little heed. Brainless, rash and thoughtless ladies and gentlemen seem somehow indisposed to be instructed on these themes by a man whose whole career has been branded by a judicial sentence, and whose influence is blighted by an experience of hard labor and shadow soup. All of this is more or less unfortunate for the convict, but the rights of those who are not convicts should be respected, and, in most cases, they are.

We think that, everything considered, it will be found that convicts are out of place on newspapers. They do good, it is true—but they do great harm as well. Their aid is but temporary. They need constant watching. All manner of evil deeds are told of JACK SHEPPARD, but it is not recorded, we believe, that he ever found service on a dramatic paper. If he had done so, the probabilities are that his writings—as soon as it was ascertained who was the author—would have attained a very ephemeral popularity. There are managers enough to make place for the journalistic Jack Sheppards, without casting them on the newspapers.

The Coming Pinafore.

The great success of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Standard, and the flattering prospects for its triumph at the Lyceum, have already given the cue to that class of speculators who periodically take New York hits on the road. Several companies have been organized this week to do the piece, and others are in contemplation. Before another week is out we may expect to see most of the available territory of the United States intersected by routes of the competing "H. M. S. Pinafore" parties. They will emulate, in number at least, the parties of "Exiles" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" who, last year, covered the land so completely. The play has already been done in New England by companies hailing from Boston. Its production and attendant triumph in Philadelphia has not apparently had the effect of arousing any of the speculators of that city from their alleged condition of sleep, and it was not till the play was done in New York that it began to be looked upon as valuable property. It is rather strange that the demand for singers to take part in these divers "Pinafore" productions is strong already, and bids fair to divert many amateur vocalists from their depredations on the concert stage. If the production of every new opera was attended by such pleasing circumstances, a heartier and more responsive welcome would be accorded to all works having any claim to musical origin, in the hope of securing thereby immunity to the public from the amateurs aforesaid.

As will be observed from the letters relative to "Engaged," which appear in another column, the fight over the right to the piece goes bravely on. SOTHERN, CLARKE, WALL, GARDINER and PARKES were heard from last week, and this week W. R. DEUTSCH and GEORGE DEVERE present their views. However correct Mr. HORACE WALL may be in his attitude of defending the rights of his principal, Mr. SOTHERN, we think that it will be conceded that he has not made out a case against either PARKES or DEUTSCH. The assumption that because Mr. DEUTSCH played PARKES at Booth's, he was a partner in his traveling tour, is shown by the facts to be quite untrue. The objection which Mr. WALL brings against PARKES—that of playing Dundreary without Mr. SOTHERN's permission falls to the ground in the face of the fact that Mr. WALL engaged the company to play in it and accepted his customary commission. As he made no objection then, none should be looked for now. THE MIRROR has, of course, no interest in this controversy. Whatever relations the disputants bear to each other, their selection of the columns of THE MIRROR as the appropriate place in which to carry on fairly and justly the discussion and from which to reach the bulk of reputable managers and actors in the country, shows them to be friends of this paper. That we are sensitive of such recognition we do not deny. The outcome of this discussion, as of any discussion honestly and impartially carried on, will be to lodge the right to the piece in the true owners.

GILMORE—The redoubtable Patrick Sarsfield will head the band at Manhattan Beach this Summer.

MONTGOMERY—George Edgar Montgomery, the dramatic critic of the Times, is contributing a series of articles on the stage to the Library Table. They have attracted attention from students of the drama.

STEVENS—John A. Stevens has been well received at the Globe, and "Unknown" is such no longer. He remains at the Globe three weeks longer.

Barton Hill has closed with Buffalo Bill for an engagement at the California Theatre in the spring.

PERSONAL.

WALLACK.—Money turned away at Wallack's on Saturday night.

ANDERSON—Jim Anderson, political; Mmc. Anderson, progressive; Mary Anderson, paroxysmal.

CHANGES—The Sun is now very dull, theatrically, and the Star shines for all. Price two cents. A. C. Wheeler has done it with his little feuilleton.

LINDE—Herman Linde reappears shortly. Where, under what management, and in what character has yet to be made public.

BOOTH—Joseph Booth is retained as treasurer in of the Fifth Avenue Theatre under the Harkins regime.

TOUCH—A well known actress played in Syracuse, last week, to a \$4 house. What next?

NOAH—Rachel Noah's mother is down for a benefit in Rochester, under the auspices of the Phoenix Club of that city.

SCHOFIELD—J. C. Schofield, D. H. Harkins' brother-in-law, will be manager of the Fifth Avenue under the new regime.

WARD—Genevieve Ward's business in Canada is reported as bad. In fact, she has nowhere done even an average good business.

GAYLER—A play of Charles Gayler's has been accepted at Wallack's. It is called "Kissing the King," and is pronounced to be his best work.

ROCKWELL—Charles Rockwell's performance of the Prince Perovsky in "Ours" at Wallack's, is one of the neatest things he has done at that theatre.

NORTON—John Norton of DeBar's Opera House, St. Louis, represents, it is claimed, a larger share of manly beauty than any manager in the country.

SUCCESS—The hit of the season is "H. M. S. Pinafore." Everybody goes to hear it, and you never meet anybody who is not humming the tunes. Never? Well, hardly ever.

CROLY—Now that the champion bullionist has some literary leisure, will he please write out the story of the pocket-picking in the World office? It might be graphically told.

FORNEY—John W. Forney, Jr., one of the most trenchant writers on the American press, has become editor of the Philadelphia Mirror. The selection is in every respect a good one.

AUTHOR—Cazauran (otherwise the C. C.) says he wrote the words and music of "Pinafore," but disguised himself as Gilbert and Sullivan so as not to offend the Union Square people. Correct! Next!

GERSTER—Etelka Gerster's "hit" in Boston was the most emphatic known in that city for many years. This phenomenally gifted singer is making the success of the Mapleson season wherever she goes.

CARTON—James E. Carton of the Novelty Theatre has been showing himself not only a very good and very successful manager, but a good actor as well. He essayed the role of Marks the lawyer, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last week, and gave a most original conception of the character.

SPAULDING—Charles Spaulding of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, is said to be the richest manager in America. Besides owning his own theatre and much other property in St. Louis, he is a large landowner here. He gave \$30,000, quite recently, for a piece of property near Central Park.

BUNNER—H. C. Bunner, whose brilliant journalistic work as the editor of Puck has not altogether withdrawn him from the field of dramatists, is, with Julian Magnus, joint author of the play, "The Tower of Babel," now underlined for production at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

CLANCY—We present in this week's MIRROR a picture of Venie Clancy, of the Rice troupe at the Lyceum. Miss Clancy's progress on the stage has been rapid, and deservedly so, for she is a clever, pleasing, and painstaking little actress who has risen each year in the burlesque business until her place would be now difficult to fill.

DICKINSON—Anna Dickinson's new play is called "Aurelian." Miss Dickinson is to play the leading part of Queen Zenobia, and John McCullough, it is alleged, the title role. The month of April has been selected for Miss Dickinson's second dramatic venture, but whether she will appear on the first of the month is as yet not stated.

HILL—Barton Hill, who is now East, will soon appear with Mrs. John Drew at her Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in a round of their former successes, "The School for Scandal," "Jealous Wife," etc. Hill was formerly a prime favorite in Philadelphia, and his reappearance will be, doubtless, an episode of the season.

SMITH—J. Pemberton Smith has been distinguishing himself by playing the Auctioneer in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Williamsburg. A local critic, alluding to Smith's great effort, says he elicited considerable applause as the Auctioneer, and from the manner in which he handled the hammer he must have had considerable experience in the "knock-down" business.

HEINRICH—The neat dress of type used on THE MIRROR, and which has been much admired by readers of the paper, was made at the type foundry of Ph. Heinrich, No. 13 North William Street, New York. Added to the beauty of the type face, the metal is of superior quality and promises long wear. We are very well satisfied with the outfit, and take pleasure in recommending Mr. Heinrich to the profession.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

Mrs. Oates opens at Haverly's Theatre Chicago, Feb. 3.

Katherine Rogers plays in "Divorce" in Williamsburg on the 27th.

Hess' English Opera Troupe are in New Orleans.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" has been given with success at the Academy of Music, Montreal.

Augusta Dargon has left San Francisco, and gone to Australia.

Annie Ward Tiffany has been very seriously ill in this city.

Jennie Hughes succeeds Dickie Lingard at the Globe Theatre.

Mrs. Bowers opened to a light house in Brooklyn, on Monday.

Turner and Maas have joined Haverly's Minstrel organization.

May Vernon reappears at Tony Pastor's, February 10.

The Olympic closed abruptly last Wednesday night in consequence of bad business. It reopened on Monday.

George K. Goodwin cleared \$2,984 on his benefit at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last Wednesday.

Edwin French, the banjoist, has been engaged to go with Tony Pastor's traveling troupe this Summer.

Charles Fechter appears at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, as Henri de Lagardere in the "Duke's Motto," February 17.

Frank Roche has taken the field as a star and plays in "Les Fourchambault," in Brooklyn, next week.

Imogene is to play an engagement at the North Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, shortly.

"H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Standard, has scored an immediate hit. It will run a month at least.

"Mother and Son" will be played at the Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg, on the week beginning February 4.

Florence Chase, is now leading lady of De Bar's, St. Louis, in place of Estelle Mortimer.

Mary Anderson has added the play of "Faint Heart N'er Won Fair Lady" to her repertoire.

John A. Stevens has received an offer to take his play, "Unknown," and five of his principal supports to California.

Stowbridge & Co. have sold during the past year \$150,000 worth of lithographs to circuses. The trade is now becoming colossal.

Col. Mapleson's Opera Company are in their last week at Haverly's Theatre, Chicago. They go thence to the Olympic, St. Louis.

Bartley Campbell has written an entire new act for "Pinafore," as given at the Lyceum. It represents the doings of the crew on shore.

Mme. Janauschek is playing in a piece called "Mother and Son" through the South, but it is not the same piece as prevailed at the Union Square.

Ada Cavendish does not go to the Park, but plays at the Fifth Avenue instead, appearing in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It."

Theall & Carton have been so successful in presenting legitimate attractions at their Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg, that they have concluded to abandon variety altogether hereafter.

Mr. Deutsch says that the first intimation he had of being interested in the production of "Engaged," by George Parkes, was when he saw Horace Wall's letter in THE MIRROR making the statement.

Mrs. Boucicault occupied a box at the Grand Opera House on Monday night to witness her husband's performance in the "Colleen Bawn." She looks very little changed from the last time she played there.

Charley Furbish has obtained the right for Daly's play of "Divorce" for certain cities, and started out on Monday. The cast included W. F. Burroughs, Charles Loveday, Josephine Baker, Dollie Pike, Carrie Wyatt, Kate Baker, Mrs. G. C. Boniface, and Mrs. Mary Hill.

It now transpires that the matrimonially inclined Fanny Davenport, with the details of whose exploits the Western press has been teeming, is Fannie Davenport, a variety vocalist. Miss Davenport has been greatly annoyed by the matter.

Barry Sullivan, whose movements are seldom in accord with his previously expressed intentions, had determined, at last accounts, to come to America next season. He is a fine actor, and will receive a better welcome than he did the last time he came.

Anna Dickinson has declined a large offer for California, on condition that she lecture first and then act. Negotiations are now going on for the production of her new piece at the California Theatre, with herself in the title role.

An extra afternoon performance will be given at Niblo's Garden this Thursday for the benefit of the family of the police officer, Furniss, recently murdered by a supposed insane man in the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr. Mayo will appear in an act of "Davy Crockett," a company will play an act of the Union Square Theatre play, "Mother and Son," Harrigan and Hart will appear in "O'Brien, Counsellor at Law," and Tony Pastor's company, Pat Rooney and others will participate.

A Damaging Recital.

A well-known actress called at THE MIRROR office on Wednesday last, and preferred a series of charges of the most damaging character against the editor of a dramatic journal in this city. Her grievance was purely one of business, but it was recited at considerable length, and was ended by the announcement that she was about to institute a criminal suit for slander. The favor of THE MIRROR was besought to take a part in the matter. Our reply was that we had nothing to do with the purely business relations of any newspaper and its patrons, and that we were quite adverse, in common fairness, to make any publication, calculated to injure any one, on the unsupported evidence of a single person. The fact that our own interests were necessarily inimical to those of the other paper, made no difference whatever. If, however, the lady had any specific charges to bring, we were prepared to publish them, if it appeared that, by so doing, any gain to the profession would be accomplished. The lady thereupon proceeded to say that an offer had emanated from the paper in question, to suppress a certain unfriendly article on payment of a sum of money; that it had been refused; that the article had appeared, and that it was of a slanderous and defamatory nature. We did not publish the details of this interview last week, for we deemed such a course unfair, but we inquired into the abuses alleged and have found a pretty general unanimity of repetition of the charges.

It seems that it has been a custom of the paper in question to solicit openly advertisements under implied conditions that unless they were forthcoming, the ill will of the paper would be gained. A circular to the following effect has been sent about broadcast:

OFFICE OF THE
NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—Do you not think that it would be to your advantage to advertise in the ———? The paper has a large and rapidly increasing circulation and goes everywhere in the United States and to Europe and Australia. Our advertising rates are reasonable. Professional cards \$12 or \$3 a quarter, payable in advance.

In reply to this precious document a number of actors, impelled more by fear than favor, have been accustomed to send cards for brief periods. It was the custom of the paper to continue them beyond the time ordered, and to send bills for the additional number of insertions. Actors were terrified into paying them under fear of gaining the ill will of the paper, and a system of virtual blackmail was fostered in this way. The method of proceeding was briefly this: An actor would send to the office, say \$3, and request that his card appear for three months. It would appear as ordered, but at the end of the time he would see it continued. Presuming this to be an oversight he would say nothing, but the second or third week he would write to know why his card was not discontinued. He would receive in reply a bill for an additional three months, coupled with an urgent request to remit. Ordinarily he would submit to the extortion, and pay the difference to save trouble. In other cases advertisements distinctly ordered out would, it appears, be left in utter defiance of the notification. One case is cited where an advertisement, kept in and charged beyond the time ordered, was compromised for at half the rate. This style of tactics works a most mischievous injustice, and if permitted to continue would place the more helpless members of the profession under virtual domination of any mercenary or unscrupulous adventurer, who might wish to trade on their hopes and fears. The plan of getting pictures, too, has been made, it seems, a source of illegitimate and fraudulent revenue. Actors, actresses and managers are asked to send their pictures for possible utilization in the paper. In some cases they do so, and a bill is forthwith sent them with the usual postscript to the effect that an early remittance would be very grateful. As much as \$35, \$40, or even \$50, was sometimes collected in this way.

That a paper can subsist on methods of this kind is indeed a subject for wonder. But that members of the dramatic profession should supply the means to carry on such an infamous and brazen fraud, is altogether incredible. We are quite unwilling to believe that any such shameful tribute to blackguardism and blackmail has been paid by an appreciable number of the ladies and gentlemen of the stage.

But when we consider the number and persistency of its wanton attacks on many professionals whose standing and repute should assure them fair treatment, and recall, moreover, the shameful history of the writer (now on the pay roll of a metropolitan theatre, but a confessed convict not many years ago) wonder ceases and we are compelled to regard a fact which bears out these very damaging allegations. It is this: That the paper, which is sold wholesale for 3 cents, costs actually 7 to issue, and that the difference has to be made good by calls on advertisers—legitimately where feasible, illegitimately where it is not.

THE MIRROR wishes to be understood as taking no part in this controversy. Our objections are simply to the current evils of dramatic newspapers; our aim is solely to redress and end them. We have nothing to do with the internal affairs of other newspapers, though we conceive that they would furnish, in most cases, a much broader, fairer and more alluring field of investigation than do the lives and homes of esteemed and respected actors and actresses. Be this as it may,

it behooves that these charges be promptly met. Unless they are, and that immediately, professionals will be compelled to recognize that the "Convict's Own" was not a misnomer, and that they have been fostering by their fears, and strengthening by their supineness, an organization not only of adventurers, but of mercenaries and blackmailers, whose depredations ceased the day light was cast upon them.

Poor Mark Bates.

One very stormy day last week a bare-headed, apparently intoxicated man, with dark complexion, dark hair, dyed moustache and attired in brown plaid suit, was found wandering at Seventeenth and Christian streets, Philadelphia, and bewailing piteously his fate. He was gesticulating in a manner which indicated derangement. He was taken to the First district station-house. Being asked his name and residence he responded: "Maguffin, and I live on the Grampian Hills, and I want to get there soon, because I've got important business." He was put in a cell, but refused his supper when it was taken to him, and appeared to be sick. At 10 o'clock he was snoring on the floor. The next morning at 6 o'clock he was found sitting in the same spot—DEAD. There were no marks of violence upon him.

This man was Mark Bates, one of the most gifted and accomplished actors of his time, and who, but for his one besetting weakness, would have been one of the great ornaments of the stage. From papers found in the dead man's possession the police authorities got an inkling as to who he was, and later on some of his professional friends received notice of what had happened. The body had been taken to the Morgue, but after the Coroner's physician had granted a certificate to the effect that death had resulted from heart disease, the remains were removed to the office of undertaker Rulon, 1313 Vine street. This, therefore, was the pitiable ending of what might have been a brilliant career. His friends had been fearing something of the kind for some years back, but when they heard the sorry tale, and the utter darkness in which the light of the lamented actor had gone out, the stoutest-hearted of them were overpowered.

Bates was a peculiar actor. He belonged to the class of natural actors of quick study and ample resources, who seldom play at their best without exterior stimulation or something to goad them ahead. Bates was born in the city of Boston in 1842. He made his first appearance as an actor in that city in 1867. He was always a popular man in his native city, appearing at various times in all its theatres, and he was also particularly well known as a leading actor in Cincinnati and Baltimore. He at one time traveled with Miss Jane Coombs, the tragedienne. His last engagement was with Jarrett & Palmer's "Henry VIII." combination, and his last appearance was in that play in the city of Baltimore a few years ago.

Bates played many parts, but was seen at his best in heroic melodrama. He was not particularly well known in New York, his last appearance here being at Niblo's Garden. He played Mercutio at Booth's Theatre for a night two years ago, and was formerly well known at the Olympic. He has lived lately in Philadelphia. His wife, Marie Bates, is now in England playing Topsy, with Jarrett & Palmer's company, in London. His father was a rather prominent man in Boston.

The body of Bates was sent on to Boston Saturday night for interment, but at 11 o'clock funeral services were held at St. Stephen's Church, which was crowded, not only by the profession of which Mr. Bates was a member, but by others who came to hear the music and were attracted by curiosity. On Sunday his funeral occurred in Boston. It was largely attended.

Aimee's Return.

The company which Maurice Grau has engaged to support Aimee on her engagement at the Park, beginning April 17, is composed in part as follows: Emile Juteau, who may be remembered as playing with Aimee several seasons ago, returns and will be leading tenor of the troupe. The second tenor will be M. De Howey, a new-comer, and the baritone M. Jonard, who was one of the Aimee company last season. Mezieres and Duplan return, of course, and a new face, Mlle. Berthe Legrand, will make her first appearance in this country. A new chorus of twelve singers has been engaged. The season opens with "Le Petit Duc," after which "Les Cloches De Corneville" will be given. Maurice Grau writes that Paola-Marie will appear here for the first time on September 8. She will present a new opera written for her by Offenbach, entitled "La Marocaine." Among the other productions of the Aimee season will be the new opera of M. Favart. Mlle. Marie is now playing at the Bouffes Parisienne.

C. R. Gardiner has been empowered by Maj. J. D. Ferguson to get together a very strong dramatic company, for two weeks of the old comedies at the Academy of Music, Baltimore. He wants such names as Katherine Rogers, Ada Dynas, Marie Gordon, Nellie Mortimer, Geraldine Maye, Eugenie Paul, Chas. Bannon, Frank Evans, Frank Mordant, etc., etc.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, in the "Danites," are playing to good business at Theatrical & Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, this week. They open at Booth's Jan. 27. The piece at Booth's will have a most elaborate setting, painted by Henry E. Hoyt.

"H. M. S. Pinafore."

On Wednesday of last week—too late for notice in our last issue—W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan's comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," was produced at the Standard Theatre, which is temporarily under the management of Mr. James C. Duff. This work has been running in London for eight months, and has been successfully produced in Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. That it will prove attractive here, we confidently expect, though the first performance, especially in the first act, did not do justice to either author or composer.

Mr. Gilbert has chosen to call his "book" a "comic opera," but it is very different from anything that has been classed under that head. It is written in that quaint vein—half burlesque, half satire—which gave us "The Princess," and "Creatures of Impulse." A triple object seems to have been in Mr. Gilbert's mind, viz: to burlesque old-fashioned nautical melodrama, to expose the absurdities of the "books" of ordinary operas, and to give some sly hits at the land-lubbers who control her Majesty's Navy. In all he has achieved his end; his plot, simple as possible, presents a foremast-man in love with his Captain's daughter, who, despite her attempted proud bearing, returns his passion. The Captain discovers an intended elopement, and is about to tear the tar from his loved one's arms, and transfer him to the clinging embraces of the cat-o'-nine tails, when a bum-boat woman, whose youth had been consecrated to baby-farming, declares that she had "mixed two children up," and that the Captain should be the tar, and vice versa. The First Lord of the Admiralty orders the two to change places, and the tar marries his love, while the ex-Captain pairs off with the bum-boat woman. In this brief sketch is contained most of the machinery of the time-honored melodrama—the poor but ambitious lover, the haughty but loving maiden, the stern father, the foster-mother, the rightful heir, the wrongful heir, and the children changed at nurse. Mr. Gilbert's second object is clearly defined and well attained in many instances, but in none better than this: RECITATIVE (FOR THE LOVING TAR, RALPH). I know the value of a kindly chorus. But choruses yield little consolation. When we have pain and trouble, too, before us! I love—and love, alas! above my station. BUTTERCUP (aside)—He loves—and loves a lass above his station!

ALL (aside)—Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station. The effect of this when set to music, which is in itself a capital burlesque on grand opera, is indescribably funny. The third of the author's objects—satire—is necessarily plainest to Englishmen; but some of the most marked hits, such as the career of the First Lord, the close attendance of all his female relatives, and the attempt to suppress strong language on shipboard, were understood by nearly all the first-night audience.

Mr. Sullivan has supplied some of his prettiest music, and several of the airs, especially Buttercup's song, are already being hummed and whistled everywhere. The two finales are extremely well written, and work in the principal motives of the entire score.

Among the artists whom Mr. Duff has gathered, the palm must undoubtedly be awarded to Mr. Whiffen. This gentleman has caught the true spirit of the First Lord, and plays him most effectively, and yet without the slightest exaggeration. The absurd mixture of pompous dignity, ridiculous ignorance, and saltatorial and vocal accomplishments, make up a performance which is worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Whiffen was in admirable voice, sang well, and in both speaking and singing, enunciated his words with admirable purity and clearness. Next in order of merit was the Buttercup of Miss Blanche Galton, who was genuinely funny. Her voice was not quite strong enough on the first night, but this may have been owing to her being unacquainted with the rather peculiar acoustics of the house. Miss Eva Mills is not dramatically equal to the requirements of the part, and her incompetence came near making a fiasco of the first act. She has, however, a pleasant voice, which she uses with some skill, and in her second act was acceptable. Still, the part requires a first-class actress, and if Mr. Duff hopes for a long run, he had better make a change. Neither Mr. Clark nor Mr. Laurent entered into the spirit of the piece; the former seemed to think it an opera, the latter an opera-bouffe. Both have good voices and know how to use them effectively. Mr. Makin was capital as the Boatwain, and sang the famous song, "He is an Englishman," so well as to gain an enthusiastic encore. Mr. Davidge was very amusing as Dick Deadeye—a battered veteran—the only man in the piece who tells the truth and is consequently looked upon as every one's enemy. Mlle. Jarbeau, in a small part, was excellent.

The chorus evidently contains some good material, but they had not been sufficiently rehearsed. The conductor, when he was not trying to climb upon the stage—which was not often—led intelligently. Mr. Duff has given the piece a neat setting, and dressed the principals and male chorus well, but reform is sadly needed in the attire of several of the ladies of the chorus.

The popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" seems almost inexhaustible. It was played all last week at Theatrical & Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg, to the best business of the season, and to enable many who were turned away at the evening performances to attend, a special matinee was given. This week McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard are playing in the "Danites" at this theatre.

Wm. Henderson's Standard Theatre Co. in "Almost a Life," finish their brilliant run at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Saturday night. They are to be followed by Barney Macaulay in his great act, "The Messenger from Jarvis Section."

"ENGAGED."**The Powerful Claim of a Retentive Memory.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:

SIR:—Having read, with some little interest and considerable amusement, the various statements, counter-statements, notices—threatening and otherwise—concerning Gilbert's comedy of "Engaged" (most of them published with the evident intent to advertise the play gratuitously, and previous to its production in New York), I beg to submit my version of the true inwardness of the matter, so far as it relates to myself. I am the possessor of a MS. copy of "Engaged," taken down from memory, after witnessing a performance of the play at the Strand Theatre, London, during the last week of July, 1878. That I can enjoy undisturbed all the profits I may gather by this stupendous feat, I believe the courts have already decided (by precedent), and my rights cannot be set aside by any other claims. So I am informed on eminent legal authority.

I have no desire to produce the play in New York to the injury of any local manager, but there is a wide field open to me on this continent, and I am fully prepared to avail myself of all the privileges, and defend all the rights that may accrue to me through the action of my highly retentive memory.

I am aware that there is another side to the story, that touches the "moral" right of Messrs. Sothorn and Clarke to the play they purchased—a more powerful claim, in my opinion, than their much-vaunted legal rights, which do not exist at all as opposed to my claim. I have no desire to introduce at present matters foreign to the subject, but will content myself with saying—I have an offset even to that claim. Yours very truly, GEORGE DEVERE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1879.

Mr. Deutch Explains.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
JANUARY 20, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:

Whenever a respectable journal like yours is led by the nose into a false position by the weaker limit or succeeds part of a dramatic agency, I am in duty bound, as far as in my power, to place, if not you, at least myself right. I shall not defend my standing as a manager or assail the high position in larger-beer circles held by Mr. Horace Wall. No monument has yet been erected to him for his ability, integrity or valor, and this step to defend the weak is certainly deserving of honorable mention at the next exposition of frauds. My dear Editor, my connection with the "American Cousin" appropriation "was short but not sweet." Mr. Parkes called on me asking me to do the play. I answered: "No, sir. You must get Mr. Sothorn's or Mr. Wall's written consent." Horace came back a week later and told me Mr. Wall's representative told him he would not be interfered with. Mr. Parkes further assured me that it was not Mr. Sothorn's play and that he has played in it three hundred times before and had never seen Mr. Sothorn play the part. (I believe he admitted he heard that Mr. Sothorn had played the part somewhere). However, at the time I wanted an attraction at Booth's, and this one answered my purpose, to fill my time in the first place, and to do a friendly action for my friend Mr. Sothorn, viz., to prove that he was the only living actor that could play Lord Dundreary. The public and the press agreed with me, and in trying to keep his name before the public and by comparisons making Sothorn's creation appear a far greater performance than any one had ever given it credit for, I claim I benefited Mr. Sothorn, and in doing this for him I lost eleven hundred dollars. I have consulted with my lawyer, and am thinking seriously of bringing suit against Mr. Sothorn for the amount of my loss in keeping "green the grave" charges that he was a great actor and proving it to the satisfaction of large show ticketed audiences who—no matter how bad they make Mr. Parkes' Dundreary to be—"got their money's worth." Respectfully yours, W. R. DEUTCH.

In Regard to Fechter.

Our Rochester correspondent, writing in reference to Charles Fechter's suit against the Philadelphia Times, says:

"There has been a good deal of talk, in theatrical circles of this city, during the past week, about the letter sent by Fechter, the well-known tragedian, to a metropolitan journal in which he makes a great many misstatements, and one in particular, about our popular local manager, Leon H. Lempert. I was present on the evening in question and can state as an eye witness that Mr. Fechter was in such a condition that he could hardly preserve his equilibrium. Mr. Fechter was very foolish to bring up the Rochester scandal, as it had all died away and would have been forgotten only for his ill-timed remarks."

The cast of "Diplomacy" by Fred Warde's section of the combination is as follows: Julian Beauchere, Fred B. Warde; Henry Beauchere, Henry Dalton; Count Orloff, F. H. Lacy; Baron Stein, Geo. C. Jordan; Angie Fairfax, Sedley Brown; Dora, Annie Edmondson; Countess Zicka, Minnie Monk; Lady Henry, Adelaide Cherie.

Wm. Henderson's Standard Theatre Co. in "Almost a Life," finish their brilliant run at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Saturday night. They are to be followed by Barney Macaulay in his great act, "The Messenger from Jarvis Section."

Sketches in Israel.

By A. R. CAZAUHAN.

I.—SHELOCK THE JEW.

The grandest and the meanest pages of man history are to be found in the records of Israel. In religion, as far as the human ken goes back, he is the preserver of the idea of the indivisible unity of the God head and the custodian of the Law on which our systems of jurisprudence are built, from the common law of England to the Code Napoleon. Unchanged, he has witnessed the rise and fall of the mightiest empires of the earth. Before the pyramids were, he was, and the Lion of Judah lorded it on the Chaldean plains ere the Ninevite worshipped the Winged Bull of Ninus. There is something aweing and awful, too, in the contemplation of the eternal isolation of a people, who, while sowing the religious faiths of all of the human families of Caucasian blood, never knelt at the same altar with one of them. There is a living miracle in the temporal history of a race that furnished justice for half of Asia and all of Europe, never as a race opposing the multitudinous forms of law evoked from that formulating decalogue, yet ever having apart from it their own forms derived from the same commands. There is something wonderful in the spectacle of a people laying the foundations of modern commerce, modern banking and modern exchange, yet living apart from the races they instructed. Everywhere, the Jew touches the institutions of modern life, leaving plain and unmistakable the impress of the Jewish thought, yet always seeming as wide away from us, as if he lived in another planet. Never perceptibly decreasing in numbers, never perceptibly increasing, the children of Israel present to the philosophical inquirer a picture of puzzling grandeur that seems destined to last unannounced till both Jew and Gentile shall have passed away.

To present a type of the glories of this race was a task far greater in sublimity and poetic grandeur than even the picturing of the analyzing modern mind offered us in Hamlet. Yes, it was even a higher task than Sophocles or Euripides ever attempted. The sublimity of Antigone fades before that of Judith, and her sacrifice pales beneath the flames which accepted that of Deborah Stiner. Your warriors of Homer are but muscled beside Samson, and Agamemnon is but a primary politician beside Moses, while Achilles were but a poor foil to Joshua. The ruler sublimity of Aechylus alone afforded a companion picture in the rock-chained Prometheus, and like the unchanging poesy of the years of Israel he went beyond the flood to find it, even to the war between Chaos and Creation.

World-Wisdom.

Our conundruming contemporary, the New York World, being edited by a dramatist, the author of "Americans in Paris," and having for its city editor an alleged dramatist, the author of the poetic prelude of G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty," ought not to make mistakes in dramatic matters. But it does make mistakes—a great many of them. On Tuesday last it contained a notice of the "Fourchambault," which the writer in the World asserts, was "first brought out at the Theatre Francaise in April last, and has been recognized as the most praiseworthy dramatic work of its author, Emile Augier, who, in spite of the reputation of Sardou or of Dumas, may be described as the greatest of living dramatists; for this illustrious Academician, the descendant of Pigault-Lebrun, and the author of such classic works as 'L'Honneur et L'Argent,' 'Les Effrontes' and 'Le Gendre de M. Poirer,' excels all other French dramatic poets in the directness of his methods, the purity of his style and the truthfulness and vigor with which he portrays the actual circumstances of real life and the actual motives of modern men and women. A translation of 'Les Fourchambault' was made for the London stage by Mr. Alberry."

This is a neat little nest of blunders. No. 1. The leading theatre in Paris is the Theatre Francaise—without any finale.

No. 2. The "Fourchambault" has not been recognized as one of Augier's best plays. On the contrary, it is generally considered to be somewhat below his average excellence.

No. 3. M. Augier can not justly be described as the "greatest of living dramatists," as long as Victor Hugo is alive.

No. 4. M. Augier is not the author of "L'Honneur et L'Argent." It was written by Ponsard.

No. 5. A translation of the "Fourchambault" was not made by Mr. Alberry—who does not read French. A translation was made for him, from which he wrote an English comedy, called "Crisis," deviating greatly from M. Augier's work.

But the World is right (and it is almost to agree with it now and then) in saying Augier excels all other French dramatists in truthfulness and purity. His work is healthy, hardy, honest—it is in short, straightforward, manly work.

The season at the Park Theatre is now pretty well outlined. Succeeding the engagement of John E. Owens, which lasts until February 15, W. S. Gilbert's much-disputed play of "Engaged" will be produced after which Marie Aimee will appear, April 14. It is not improbable that E. A. Sothorn will return in time to fulfill an engagement at this theatre, but this is not certain. Recent reports represent him to be in Rome. His health has been greatly benefited by the change.

MRS. BELL AND MR. GRADY.

A New Orleans Man Shoots Himself on Seeing the Ada Richmond Troupe Perform.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

A few light taps upon the door of room No. 163 at the Kimball and a reporter was ushered into the presence of Jeannie Winston of the Adah Richmond opera company, who is charged by several leading newspapers with being the cause of the attempted suicide of Mr. William E. Grady of Dayton, Ohio, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, about two weeks since.

"Tell me something about your New Orleans sensation?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I know very little about it," she replied. "I have never seen the unfortunate young man in my life, and I hardly think that I ever will. The shooting happened in this way: The company were playing the 'Grand Duchesse,' at the St. Charles Theatre, Friday night, about two weeks ago. The play had progressed until very nearly the end of the last act. The entire company were upon the stage and I was singing. Suddenly we all heard a report, as if somebody had popped an inflated paper bag. The sound we thought came from the gallery, and I, with the other members of the company, formed an opinion at once that the noise was made by one of the boisterous gallery gods. When the curtain fell the property-man came to me and said that a man by the name of William E. Grady, had shot himself with a pistol near the main entrance of the theatre. The property-man also said that Grady had pointed the pistol at his breast, and that the ball from the pistol had struck one of Grady's ribs and glanced off to the left side, inflicting a painful but not necessarily dangerous wound. Shortly after this Grady was carried to a hospital and his wound dressed. Upon removing his clothes a number of letters and notes fell from his pocket, addressed to 'Miss Jeannie Winston. These letters, it seems, furnished the foundation for the sensational articles that have appeared in the newspapers."

"The shooting affair has given you a large volume of notoriety, has it not?"

"Yes, and the very kind I do not want. My ambition is simply to gain a reputation as an opera bouffe singer, and not a masher or boss dizzy blonde."

"Didn't you receive any love-letters from Grady?"

"Oh, yes," she said, showing one.

"Is that the only one that you received?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes; the only one from him."

"Well, then, you have others of a similar character from other love-stricken swains?"

"Oh, yes; I have quite a large stock of this kind of literature on hand, among them several propositions of marriage."

"About the propositions of marriage—did you entertain any of them?"

"Only one. That was from Mr. Bell, whom I have married, and who is now a member of the company."

"What has become of Grady?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is in New Orleans. The Sunday following his attempt to commit suicide Mr. Bell called upon him at the hospital, and found him getting along quite finely. The ball had not been found, and was still lodged somewhere in his left side. The attendant physician, Mr. Bell tells me, remarked that Mr. Grady would be well enough to be out in a few days, and I suppose that ere this Mr. Grady is out."

"You did not call upon him, then, while he was at the hospital?"

"No. I at first thought I would, and see if it was in my power to do something for him, but upon second consideration I concluded not to do so, as by my visit I would make myself liable to more notoriety, and I thought that I had enough already."

Fechter and the Press.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Mr. Fechter has been ever impatient under criticism since his appearance on the stage in this country, and has published more wanton libels upon the press than any other man we can recall. Many of his distempered utterances against those he esteemed his enemies because they offended his pride, were doubtless due to his infirmities of disposition and habits, and they have been dealt with most charitably by reputable journals, as they are accustomed to the reckless railing of those they are compelled to teach manners or sense, or both. A correspondent of the Times recently wrote a letter describing Mr. Fechter at home. It was proper matter for publication, as Mr. Fechter has been an actor, and is now an actor publicly seeking engagements. In the course of the description of Mr. Fechter, his repeated exhibitions of intemperance on the stage were referred to. To this publication Mr. Fechter responded by an arrogant demand for the name of the writer, and when he was answered in gentleness with the hope of making him understand himself, he responded by a tedious jargon of bombast and vituperation that would have been a disgrace to a sober man. He was answered, as duty to journalism and to the public required that he should be answered, and it left him no alternative but to confess his foolish arrogance or institute the threatened suit for libel.

Mr. R. J. Dillon was engaged for a three weeks' season at the Museum, Boston, during the stay of Lawrence Barrett, but receiving no offer from Robson and Crane, for a number of weeks at good salary, Mr. Field suddenly released him from the engagement.

DROMIO "WEBB."

The Views of a Seer on American Theatres.

"I have been in many Continental theatres and every theatre in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and in probably twenty in this country, and I don't mind telling the truth that all the American houses are incomparably better than the English play-houses. Things are done on a larger scale here, the management put on a piece with such superb scenery and furniture, and the actors, as a rule, are quite as good, and the stars—John S. Clarke, Jefferson and Sothern—that come to our country, are quite as good, too, as our own favorite and cherished comedians. I doubt if we have a leading man in England who can in any way compare with Charles Thorne, Charles Barron or W. E. Sheridan. I was a pretty old man when I went to see Jefferson, in London, as Rip Van Winkle. I had seen the play before; had seen it often, and played in it, too; but it was a revelation, and a great English comedian who sat by me, and who proposed to come out to this country on a professional tour in a short while, turned to me and said: 'Well, Dromio—I am known all over England as Charles Dromio Webb—Well, Dromio, if that man is a specimen of the American actor, hang me if I care to go there.' He did go, and scored a failure. That man was J. L. Toole. The English stage has been revolutionized. Its tendency has been toward the French drama, as every one knows. The tone of it has vastly improved, and the character of the men and women radically changed for the better. The old English plays are rarely seen there now. Indeed, the revivals—as we call them—are at the rarest intervals. Such dramas as the 'Liar,' for instance, have not been produced for years, although I see by the papers that rarely a season passes that the drama I named, the 'Liar,' is not produced in some theatre in this country. Such men as Robertson, who wrote 'Ours,' Henry J. Byron, author of 'Our Boys,' W. S. Gilbert and others, had much to do with changing the character of the English stage. The productions of their pens drove off a good deal of the French drama, which, because of its admirable construction, can never be driven from the stage altogether, and almost blotted out for a time the Shakespearean drama. Then we began to get our society actors, but I am glad to say that such men as Henry Irving and Barry Sullivan, by their wonderful impersonations, held the popular taste true to the greater art."

An Actor's Face.

[From the London Theatre.]

Johnson once remarked that no man's face had and "such wear and tear" as Garrick's; and the expression could be applied generally to most actors. Barristers and physicians—men who seem to turn their faces, like their minds, to the critical questions they have to work out—silently acquire the intelligent air as those who think and have thought; but the actor's face shows this wear and tear more pointedly, because he has to consider his face as he thinks and feels, and tries, often instinctively, to make it correspond with what is within. These efforts, this old "purifying the passions with pity and terror," forms a process that tells upon the lines and cordage of the face, as training does on the athlete; all the unintelligent fat and flesh seems to wear off. It is, moreover, some test of the truth of physiognomy that all great actors have come to their profession with fine faces—that is, with effective features, large and well cut, that offer shadows. Hardly one fails in this respect. Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Kean, Macready, Miss Faucit, and in our day, Mr. Irving, all present faces that could be called remarkable. Talma, Rachel, Viardot, Garcia, Frederic Lemaître, with many more, are equally distinguished on the foreign stage. But this characteristic is capable of extraordinary development with long and varied practice, the subject of this practice being the current of passions and emotions that belong to the regular and legitimate drama, be it comic or tragic. Hence, with a course of burlesque or the placid, verbal humor of comedy of our own day, there is no wear and tear; there is nothing working within to disturb or influence the expression of the features. Garrick's face, in pictures or busts, is truly remarkable, much, of course, being owing to his foreign blood, his father being a Frenchman. It is a massive face, not fat, though rounded, with a quick vivacity in the movements of the neck; eyes of startling brilliancy, with a darting, searching expression, which he was fond of applying; with recesses about his lips, where lurked the humors of comedy; while in his brow, full and over-arching, lay vast tragic forces. The muscles of his cheeks seem flexible to an extraordinary degree, and were as expressive as any other part of his action and voice. These were prodigious advantages, but it is often forgotten that voice and gesture are but one department of acting and expression.

Harry Langdon has been distinguishing himself in Detroit. During the performance of "As You Like It," by Ada Cavenish, on the first night of the engagement, when, as Jacques, he was about to recite the "Seven Ages," a lighted match fell among the shavings (painted to represent the grass), and blazing up would have set on fire the scenery but for the perfect presence of mind of Langdon. He trampled upon the flames, never stopping for once in his recitation, thereby preventing a panic which might have resulted in loss of life.

Those Piano Testimonials.

[From Puck.]

PIER 1, EAST RIVER, Jan. 2, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. MOSES:

Your Jews-harp is the only one that I consider a perfect instrument. I never patrol the piers without one, and its dulcet sounds, so free from metallic quality, have been the means of saving many a life. I especially admire the Moses Jews-harp for its thorough bass, its second base, and short stop. My opinion on this subject is shared by all my musical friends. Yours most truly,

NAN THE NEWSBOY.

The above certificate speaks for itself, but I think it advisable to append the report of the jury on Jews-harps at the Philadelphia Exhibition:

MOSES' JEWS-HARP.
For Overstrungness.....102
" Dominant qualities.....102
" Sub-dominant qualities.....102
" Pink-dominant qualities.....102
Average 102 out of a possible 100.

ED. HANSLICK. H. HILTON. } Judges.
F. GEVAERT. KLAPKA. }

KEOKUK, IOWA, Dec. 29, 1878.

SWEET MR. MOSES:

We could not leave New York without bearing testimony to the surpassing beauty and exquisite tone of the Moses Jews-harp. We can say, and we say it boldly, that in the whole course of our lengthened musical experience in Europe, Irup, Orup, and Stir up, we never played on a more charming instrument. We feel assured that her Royal Nibs' Hopera Co. could not have achieved success without the aid of the Moses Jews-harp, and we may add that the diminuendo of the dominant, sub-dominant, and pink dominant are absolutely unapproachable in their character. The carved legs and overstrungness especially fit it for the tongue and drawing-room; and be assured, charming Mr. Moses, that no other Jews-harp but yours shall ever be used by us.

Believe us always, beloved Mr. Moses,

Very sincerely yours,

Olivi, Napoleon Campana, Eucalyptus Ornithory-neus, Smith, Michele Mulligan, A. von Beethoven, Ricciardonna, Guglielmo Bircho, Moretti, Pazzi Bolivar, Martinehl, Muldoon (il solido), Adelina Patti, Giovanni Francisco Locomotivo, Bartolo Campobello, A. Ricardo.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THEATRICAL COSTUMES.

Bloom makes a second specialty of Theatrical Costumes, and many of the leading artists upon the stage in the metropolis and elsewhere look to him for their supplies, and there is nothing an actor or actress can want or is likely to want, but may he had at very short notice, the designs always fresh and quality always excellent. Whether silks, satins, brocades or gauzes are wanted, plain or in a combination of harmonies, the order can be filled and a lady may make her entrance as an ordinary woman of society, and make her exit as Marie Stuart, fresh from the hands of skillful Miss Ferguson, whose finger tips are full of wonderful transformations.

MME. SMITH'S ESTABLISHMENT.

Mme. P. A. Smith's dressmaking establishment is noted among professionals. It contains the work of the first modistes to be had, whose whole time and attention is devoted to this elegant and novel branch of manufacture. It may be recalled that Mme. Smith made the best part of the costumes worn in the Standard success, "Almost a Life," notably that of Miss Maud Granger. Professionals wishing costumes of the latest Parisian designs should pay a visit to Mme. Smith.

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A something varied, which must be admired, in which families or children will view scenes, bewildering of singing and dancing, music, entrancing old heads and young hearts, mingle in transports, nothing offensive, nothing expensive, easy and graceful of laughter, a face full, brilliant, chaste, and cheerful. Of music an ear full. Nothing that's baneful, of knowledge a beam full, of mirth there's a mart full, and joy a heart full. Eminent Comedians, Burlesque Tragedians, everything glorious, good things in store for us. Watch for the day and date, cheerfully hope and wait the "London" Theatre.

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The Famed Comedian,

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CALEB PLUMMER,

In "DOT."

Matinee Saturday at 2 o'clock.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

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Prices of Admission.—Family Circle, 50 cts. General Admission, Everywhere, \$1. Orchestra, \$1.25. Boxes, \$8 and \$12.

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